

The Historie.

A poore vnminde outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kinde heart and pitie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now when the Lords and Barons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Borroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, stoode in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, profferd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father while his blood was poore
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,
And now for oath takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees,
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countrey wrongs, and by this face
This seeming brow of iustice did he winne
The hearts of all that he did a gle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourits that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
In short time after he deposd the king,
Soone after that depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that taskt the whole state,
To make that woorse, suffred his kinsman March
(Who is if euerie owner were well plac'd

Indeed

of Henry the

Indeed his king) to be ingagde in
There without raunsome to lie for
Disgrac't me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence
Rated mine vnkle from the counsel
In rage dismisd my father from the
Broke oath on oath, committed w
And in conclusion droue vs to seek
This head of safe tie, and withall to
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer

Hot. Not so sir Walter, Weele wi
Go to the king, and let there be imp
Some surety for a safe returne again
And in the morning early shal mine
Bring him our purposes, and so farev

Blunt. I would you would accep

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbishop of York

Arch. Hie good sir Mighell, bear
With winged haste to the Lord Ma
This to my coosen Scroope, and all
To whom they are directed. If you
How much they do import you wo

Sir M. My good Lord I gesse the

Arch. Like enough you do.

To morrow good sir Mighell is a d
Wherein the fortune of ten thousan
Must bide the touch. For fir at Shre
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The king with mighty and quicke r
Meetes with Lord Harry And I fe
What with the sicknesse of Northu
Whose power was in the first prop
And what with Owen Glendowe
Who with them was a rated sinew